

WAR STORIES.

Mrs. Felton Pictures Reconstruction Days.

Although the Southern Confederacy was tottering on its last legs, so to speak, the 31st of December, 1864, found the State of Georgia still in control of its state capital at Milledgeville, and we were still encouraged to hope that our troops would make a successful stand somewhere, and our independence as a separate government would be somehow acknowledged sooner or later—in some way and by foreign nations.

measles, we could still thank God it was as well with us, as it was, and we were privileged to go to bed in peace on the last night of the fateful year, 1864.

Tired people sleep well, as a rule, and we were aware that the night had nearly passed, when a tapping on the wooden shutter near the bed awoke us. It proved to be our house boy, who waited on the table, who was very loyal to us, and who begged that the front door might be opened for him, as he had something to tell us.

When he was admitted, he told, in a whisper, so great was his fear of being overheard, that some of the negro men had been quarreling all night over a crap game, and when he left the cabin, one had killed another and there was the mischief to pay generally down there. He said we must never let them know he had informed us, as it would go hard with him if they found out he was in the big house reporting matters.

We decided to get up and dress without waking anybody, and advised him to go back and come in after daylight, as usual.

After broad daylight, Dr. Felton went out in the yard and called to the colored men to start a certain piece of work, and was then told that one of the negroes had cut another until they thought he was killed, but he recovered from his faint and was still alive, but the assailant had fled, along with another negro who had been sold to a man in Macon some weeks before at his own request, and the purchaser had never laid eyes on him afterwards. A doctor was sent for, and the wounds dressed. They were all drunk and had been carousing all night. We had been soundly sleeping in that old shack, and there was not a white person within call, save ourselves, if the drunken gamblers had attacked us.

We decided to try to get some

knowledge from the old Bartow home, and if possible, return. Dr. Felton had an overseer on the rented plantation, whose family was left behind in north Georgia, and the overseer promised to care for everything until a trip up the country could be made and the prospects ahead of us might be better understood, and Dr. Felton started on horseback. This overseer had been conscripted the year previous and was away from the refuge home for upwards of three months, as we supposed, in the army. He came in, smiling and debonaire, and said he had a pretty fair time of soldiering, etc. He was afterwards exempted as a miller to run a nearby mill to provide for the people around.

While Dr. Felton was going to and from north Georgia, running risks of life and health and discovering that we would not be wise to leave the hills we had to rush into others we knew nothing of, I was aroused one day by a quarrel in the back yard. It was loud on the part of the colored woman and mostly whispered by this white man, who had eaten his dinner and, I supposed, was starting again to the mill. The dispute grew fast and furious. Finally the colored woman cried out: "I dare yer to lay de weight of yer little finger on dat child. Ef yer does hit my sister's child ary single lick, I'll walk jes as straight as my two feet will kyar me into dat house ober dar and tell my white folks! Whar you was, when you was a pretender to go to de army? Lors a mussy! Won't dem white folks hate yer like pizen when dey knows whar yer was a hiding when den Yankeeos wuz in hyar!"

It was a dreadful tax on my naturally curious mind to hold still until our real protector was in the house once more, because I went to bed every night with fear and trembling and had dreadful forebodings as to what might happen to the family while we were supposed to be protected by this renegade overseer but the time did come when I felt like I could probe into the matters of which the quarrel had given me the first inkling. When questioned, the colored woman bluffed. She "didn't know nothing at all." The quarrel was over and peace was patch-

ed up and she didn't want to tell. Suffice it to say, to make a long story short, that the overseer bade everybody in the house goodbye when he was conscripted, accepted a present of a woolen quilt from me, because blankets were played out, also a Testament that we thought would be comforting along with a precious new tin cup that was more valuable in our eyes than a silver one in later years, and he cried some at the going away, and we were very sorry for him and maybe shed some tears of sympathy at the sight of his grief. He really went off a little way in the woods, stayed out until nightfall, came back to a negro cabin and when he was hungry the negroes fed him; during the daytime he slept on a pallet under a negro woman's bed and at night he slept more comfortably and was hale fellow well met and out of the army. We had gone through that awful siege of sickness, buried seven in two weeks, had thirty odd on the sick list and yet this man reposed on his pallet, indifferent and callous, for three long months, all the time in hiding on our premises, fed and secreted almost within touch without our knowledge.

Such were for us the opening days of the year 1865. From New Year's day to the surrender in April anything dreadful might have happened to us, away from any help or without any security about anything, doing our utmost to plant and cultivate a crop under great difficulties and to try to keep a conscience void of offense to all mankind.

Such an experience now would overwhelm me. It required youth and hope to bear up under such a cloud of dangers and difficulties; and when I think of that lonely farm house a half mile from the main road, with nothing to wear but what we could manufacture at home, secure in no government, present or future, struggling with bereavement, loss and danger, I thank God that we have peace in the land, and that an overruling Providence watched over the innocent and the helpless in the days that tried our fortitude so greatly.—Atlanta Journal.

Marvels of Telepathy.

Every man may be his own telephone. This is the amazing declaration made by the believers in telepathy, which may be described as the wireless telegraphy of the mind.

Sir William Crookes has recently startled the scientists of the world by declaring that it may be possible to send thoughts across the Atlantic ocean or around the world without either cables or the apparatus of Marconi.

"It is inconceivable," said he, "that intense thought concentrated towards a person with whom the thinker is in close sympathy, may induce a telepathic chain of brain waves along which a message of thought may go straight to its goal without loss of energy due to the distance?"

"May not the words 'far' and 'near' lose their meaning in these subtle regions of unsubstantial thought? I dare to suggest it?"

This is the opinion of Sir William Crookes, the inventor of the Crookes tube, which made the X-ray possible, the president of the British Association of Scientists, the "king of chemists" and hero of many scientific exploits.

Any two people can do it, says Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst, who recently preached a sermon on the subject.

Dr. R. Osmond Mason, fellow of the New York Academy of Medicine says: "There are fortunate individuals today who have no need of mails or telegraphs, but who can communicate with one another no matter how widely they may be separated."

"A man named Fitzgerald, at Brunswick, Me., saw and described the Great Fall River fire 300 miles away. Mrs. Porter, of Bridgeport, Conn., described the burning of the steamer Henry Clay at the time that it was occurring on the Hudson river, near Yonkers."

Ian Maclaren, the famous novelist, theologian and preacher, has been for several years a believer in the new science.

He says: "I believe it is possible for persons miles apart to talk to one another without wires."

The mysterious signaling most frequently makes itself felt in the hour of trouble, and is often a call for help.

"One afternoon, to give a striking instance of it, I made up my list of sick people and started on my rounds. After completing the first visit and going along the main road, about 4:30 o'clock, I felt a strong impulse to turn down a side street and call on a family living in it.

"The impulse grew so urgent that it could not be resisted, and I rang the bell, and considered on the doorstep what reason I should give for an unexpected call.

"When the door opened it turned out that strangers now occupied the house, and that my family had gone to another address in the street the precise number being unknown.

"Still the pressure continued, as if a hand were drawing me, and I set out to discover their new house, till I had disturbed four families with my vain inquiries. Then I abandoned

the search with a sense of shame. Had a busy clergyman not enough to do without going on a wild goose chase.

"Next morning the head of that family I had sought in vain came into my study with evident sorrow on his face.

"We are in great trouble," he said. "Yesterday our little one (a young baby) took very ill and died in the afternoon. My wife was utterly overcome by the shock, and we would have sent for you, but we had no messenger."

"What time was it?" I asked. "About half-past 3."

Another notable telepathist is Bishop Samuel Fallows, of the Reformed Episcopal church.

"Telepathy is no longer a theory," says Bishop Fallows. "It is a fact I have been interested in for years, and the thing I am pondering now is how to bring it into common everyday use.

"It works on the same principle as the new wireless telegraphy of Mr. Marconi. I will hail him as a benefactor of the human race who will teach people how to use this tremendous psychic force?"

A young merchant who had several days before buried his wife, was awakened in the night by her voice. He heard her distinctly calling his name and asking for help.

So impressed was he by this mysterious message that he sprang to his feet dressed and drove at once to the grave.

When he uncovered the coffin and broke it open he found his wife alive and moving in an unconscious trance. Lifting her into the carriage he drove her quickly to his house, summoned medical aid, and had the unspeakable pleasure of seeing her regain her health.

Mark Twain had the honor of being the first telepathist of note in this country. A number of years ago he called attention to the science, but at the time it was thought to be one of the great humorist's whimsical fancies.—World Monthly.

Demand for Sober Men.

Cold-blooded business is doing about as much to make men sober as anything else, the prohibitionist with his demand for closed bar-rooms not excepted. In this day and time the demand is for sober men in all lines of business. In this day of close competition, when every corner has to be cut, business men demand the undiminished energy of employees, and the man who has his nerves unstrung and his energy impaired by liquor will very soon find that a sober man has his job. A railroad company, with thousands of dollars and human lives at stake, will not allow a drunken engineer to haul a train. People will not employ a lawyer whose brain is befuddled with liquor, and when death is to be coped with the public demands that the physician shall have every faculty and that none of them shall be impaired by drink. The business world is making the demand for sober men more than it has ever made in all its history. Liquor drinking is bad business to say nothing of the moral feature of it, and the business world so looks upon it, and is acting on the principle that there are sober men enough in the world to transact the business.

Brown—"What we call baggage the English call luggage. Which word do you think the more appropriate?" White—"Considering how trunks are treated by railroad men. I should say the right word is obsequage."

You must never tell a girl when you are going to kiss her nor anybody else after you have gone and done it.

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Advertisement for The Mutual Benefit Life Ins. Co. 'A man thinks it is when the matter of life insurance suggests itself—but circumstances of late have shown how life hangs by a thread when war, flood, hurricane and fire suddenly overtakes you, and the only way to be sure that your family is protected in case of calamity overtaking you is to insure in a solid Company like— The Mutual Benefit Life Ins. Co. Drop in and see us about it. M. M. MARRISON, STATE AGENT, Peoples' Bank Building, ANDERSON, S. C.'

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